

THE
RAPPE:
A
POEM.

[Price One-Shilling.]

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[Price One-Shilling.]

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T H E
R A P E:

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P O E M,

Humbly Inscribed to the L A D I E S.

Thus Pluto seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid;
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with his beaut'ous Prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his Sunshine and his Skies.

A D D I S O N.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

Printed for STAPLES STEARE, at N°. 93, in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXVIII.

R A P E :
T H E

P O E M

Humbly Inscribed to the Ladies.

Not envy I love his sunshine and his skies,
Their grins I smile, pleas'd with his beam and Prize,
To Hell's tremendous Gloom my assigned Mind;
This Plunder'd of Proserpine, convey'd

ADDISON.

THE SECOND EDITION



L O N D O N

MDCCLXXIII

Printed for STILES'S STATIONER, in New-Street.

T H E
R A P E :
A
P O E M.

R A P E S! and the man I sing, the first who brought
The reputation of himself to nought :
From one capricio to another tost,
In each expedient of his vices crost ;
Who having many bad transactions past,
Safely accomplish'd one black deed at last.

B

Say,

Say, Cupid say ; or, lovely Venus tell ;
For sure revenge must in your bosom swell :
Say, what could prompt a libertine to stray
From soft persuasions soul enchanting way ?
Alien to mighty love ; why have recourse
To savage violence and brutal force ?
And thou bright Dian, goddess of the chaste,
To aid my numbers beauteous huntress haste,
Assist a bard to vindicate the fame
Of a fair, injur'd, violated dame.
But stab his guilty conscience till it bleed,
Th' inhuman author of the barbarous deed ;
Hold up a mirrour to his cruel mind,
And be the torments in his soul refin'd.
Love starts away ! at mention of the fact,
And shuns the meer relation of the act :
Should monsters multiply and thus offend,
Love's universal empire soon would end.

Love is of softer mould, bears no controul,
But captivates the function of the soul :
In love we wish not to offend but please,
And sacrifice for this our fame and ease.
And on our courage let the fair depend :
Force never use, unless tis to defend,
Love's end is to procure and give delight,
This makes us polish'd, witty and polite ;
Forms us to pleasing arts, to aid our suit,
And stamps distinction between man and brute ;
Gives us a taste of heav'nly joys below,
And antedates what we above shall know.

Since then this deed to love gives such disgust,
Say was he stimulated on by lust :
By lust, what's lust ! a fever in the blood,
An uncontrollable extatic flood.

Love is a lambent lust; a blazing fire,
The very madness of untamed desire;
Imagines by possession to be blest,
And rages on till of its end possest;
But still proposes pleasure for its end,
And fiercely does the steps of joy ascend:
True joy with force cannot consistent be,
But loves its raptures absolutely free;
Therefore tho' lust go with unguided rein,
For his own pleasures sake he should restrain;
Not seize the lovely object fiercely wild,
Be calm, though rapt'rous; and though furious, mild.
Instead of giving promise of delight,
He'll give the fair one nothing but affright.
Lust cannot bear the forms of virtuous love,
But does more swiftly to possession move,
Pants in the chace and eager for the goal,
Like the touch'd needle trembles to the pole.

O'erlooks

O'erlooks or passes many trifling things,
And like an hurricane for blessings springs,
But to secure its own and objects joy,
Will not by violence the bliss destroy ;
Tempers the flame of overheated rage,
And does its terrifying parts assuage,
Melts the rough rapture of too fierce a kiss,
And gives a method to unbounded bliss ;
Makes glowing blushes overspread the cheeks,
And the just eloquence of nature speaks.

Since love denies him for a loyal son,
And real lust could never urge him on :
Pleasure through force could he expect to find?
Pleasure is kill'd when females are unkind,
A downright madness must possess his brain,
To seek for pleasure in the paths of pain ;

As

As soon from violence could pleasure flow,
As the sweet rose upon the thistle grow.
A pleasing bard did once these words express,
“ Sweet is the love that comes with willingness ; ”
Perhaps in his excuse he'll something plead,
To paliate the foulness of the deed :
Say that the joy receives from force a zest,
And stolen pleasures are accounted best ;
That great resistance still inflames desire,
And adds fresh fuel to a raging fire.

To this I answer, force must murder joy,
We opposition ; where our hate employ.
That pleasure stol'n is best ; can gain belief,
Only where coyness constitutes the thief ;
Or that resistance will desire inflame :
It should a pure one raise, a vicious tame.

Had

Had he one spark of honour in his breast,
He wou'd himself for this black deed detest ;
But he is deaf to ev'ry thing that's good,
And led by inclination and by blood.
Repining reason gives a deadly groan,
To see the passions thus usurp her throne.

Could he unmov'd behold a maid in tears,
With softest words assault his callous ears,
Call on the heavens, her parents, and her friends,
To change his purpose, and defeat his ends ;
Intreat, implore, beg, supplicate and pray,
Or menaces with trembling tongue convey ;
Ring her fair hands, and tear her lovely hair,
And beat her breast with sorrow and despair ?
Could he see this, and not compassion shew,
Did no soft feelings in his bosom glow ?

No,

A man of honour would have felt more joy,
To recompense such virtue than destroy;
And for her chastity admir'd her more,
Than the attractions he admir'd before.

In history we none but Tarquin find,
So black in guilt of so degen'rate kind;
As deep as him in sin, oh! may his name
With his be damn'd to everlasting shame.

When Rome was founded, ancient records tell,
Then force was used, that instrument of hell;
But still necessity the thing excus'd,
The violated then, were gently us'd:
A king's command then authoriz'd the act,
And politics gave sanction to the fact;
Besides the numbers partly sunk the shame,
And left no room for any private blame;

The loss of reputation none could dread,
Since all fell victims to a stranger's bed.
None could her hapless fate deplore alone,
Since all had equal right to join the groan ;
No matron could a gentle virgin blame,
Since all were guilty, though not one to blame ;
No virgin could reflect on riper years,
Without reflecting she had cause for tears :
Many did in short time with joy abound ;
When in the Romans they kind husbands found ;
Brave, manly, tender, generous, and kind,
And all the rape was banish'd from each mind.
Thus, some excuse itself the action bears,
And vindicates the fact to future years ;
The age itself apologizes too,
Which times more polish'd must deny to you.

The beauteous Helen stimulated strife,
In either state, a virgin, or a wife :

Theseus the first who sacrific'd his name,
Found the fair maid reluctant to his flame;
The rape repented, and the theft restor'd,
The beauteous masterpiece his soul ador'd:
His soft behaviour gave her no disgust,
Though founded on a vicious basis lust.

Disputing deities for beauty's prize,
Uncover'd stood before the Trojan's eyes;
Each promis'd much: to her the prize he gave,
Who swore by Styx the fairest he should have;
Yet the impartial an excuse may frame,
And save the lovely shepherd's doubtful fame.
The learn'd suppose a rape on Helen wrought,
But might she not consenting be in thought?
Was not the land her own, her guards at hand?
At such a rape could they inactive stand?

Modesty

Modesty bids Dardanian scandal hush,
He acted force to save the fair's one blush.
The lovely shepherd she in mind admir'd,
He but accomplish'd what herself desir'd ;
Her flame impels, but fear impedes the way,
She pants to go, yet hesitates to stay ;
She in her soul consented to the youth,
But he excus'd her by denying truth ;
Swore she was chaste to Menelaus in thought,
And was to Ilium with reluctance brought.
Yet though so small the guilt on Paris's part,
It rankled secretly within his heart ;
For when the husband challenged to fight
Him who polluted his connubial right,
Meanly he shrunk behind th' ignoble throng,
And dar'd not face the man he dar'd to wrong :
Guilt check'd his prowess, and annoy'd his fame.
Thus for one sin he bore a double shame.

What various ills from this half-rape accru'd,
Ten thousand hands in hostile blood embru'd ;
Ten thousand heroes breathless on the plain,
Kill'd unrepenting of each sinful stain.
Ten tedious years the world in arms was found,
Till Troy's proud walls lay smoking on the ground.

Though near the pole of guilt the Trojan be,
You're ten degrees much farther gone than he.

If you in real pleasure's path would rove,
You must solicit for a willing love ;
If to your arms you'd win a tender maid,
Learn first that great essential to persuade :
Persuasion can antipathies controul,
Enchant the heart, and captivate the soul ;
No force but what's rhetorical employ,
You'll gain with pleasure, and with bliss enjoy.

A tender argument, or soft discourse,
Will go much farther than Herculean force :
Th' assiduous lover never need despair,
Time will the most obdurate heart ensnare ;
Women are so particularly form'd,
Capitulate they will, but not be storm'd :
Their hearts will melt before a soft regard,
But a rough summons makes the texture hard.
A gentle fire will thaw their souls with ease,
But raging flames go out, and then they freeze.
The time of wooing ne'er can tedious prove,
If you at last are recompens'd with love.
When the soft bosom heaves the tender sigh,
And loves first transport sparkles in the eye ;
When in each glance you read the glowing mind,
And find the fair one to your suit inclin'd :
Monarchs themselves might think it no disgrace,
To quit their royalty, and fill your place.

A tender look o'er pays a hundred toils,
But heav'ns! what raptures are contain'd in smiles?
These soft endearments will more joy bestow,
Than from enjoyment's self, if forc'd, can flow.
Besides what pleasure can you think to find,
T' enjoy the body, if the soul's unkind;
To take an absent mistress in your arms,
And rifle savagely reluctant charms.

Florio to Cytherea's rites inclin'd,
Had yet some honour dawning in his mind;
When the fair maid before him suppliant stood,
Her lovely eyes distill'd a briny flood;
With piteous looks, and supplicating grace,
Thus she relates her melancholy case:

" In me a miserable maid behold
" Barter'd, through curst avarice, for gold;

" The

“ The fatal bargain by a parent made,
“ My ruin purpos’d, and the purchase paid :
“ To satisfy thy lust I’m hither brought,
“ By the vile pander who my virtue bought ;
“ But, oh ! if ever honour fill’d thy breast,
“ Or virtue taught thee vices to detest ;
“ If kind compassion in thy bosom gleam,
“ Pity my grief, my misery extreme,
“ You’ll find a greater joy to heal my woe,
“ Than from unkind perseverance can flow :
“ My heart alas ! is now another’s due,
“ Oh ! let me with it give my virtue too :
“ My prayers for ever shall for you ascend,
“ And choicest blessings on your steps attend.

She spoke, he melted at the artless tale,
And suffer’d soft compassion to prevail,

Untouch’d

Untouch'd restor'd her to her lover's arms,
Admiring virtue's more than beauty's charms;
And to enhance their joy a portion gave,
Proving himself a man—not passions slave.

Oh! may the wretch who violates a maid,
Be by friends hated, and by foes betray'd;
By all mankind in detestation held,
And to unsocial solitude compell'd;
Met at each turn, and shun'd by all that meet,
Finding a wilderness in ev'ry street.

Or if he should in hymen's bands unite,
Let him find sorrow where he seeks delight;
Let her he chooses treat him with disdain,
Be proud, imperious, arrogant and vain.
But above all, oh! let the villain prove
She has been tripping in unlawful love :

Then

Then in corroding grief his days be past,
And may he with each painful night his last.

May the most cruel tortures plague his soul,
Oreste's furies, or fierce Circe's bowl;
May he be tortur'd with desire each hour,
But ne'er blest with gratifying power;
May conscience sting him with a poignant smart,
And the most piercing sorrow wring his heart;
May each disease in complication join,
Diseases which make libertines repine;
And ev'ry part of him at once assail,
Till all severely through his frame prevail.
Then may he unavailing still complain,
And no kind hand relieve him from his pain;

No Esculapian artist bring a cure,
Be his pains great, and may they long endure.

And his curst female pander in this deed,
Oh! may her tortures even his exceed;
Inadequate, if punish'd by the law:
May sharpest pangs her tortur'd conscience gnaw;
And all the pains which vice and age attend.
A double influence to her extend.

May all such bad examples henceforth cease,
And salutary morals still increase;
May the nobility true grandeur show,
Which must from virtue and from goodness flow;
May he whose birthright and exalted sphere
Rises superior, so in grace appear:

Through

Through virtuous pride his station still adorn,
Nor sink the honour he to raise was born;
No black unlawful stratagems succeed,
But noblemen prove noblemen indeed.

F I N I S.

A P O E M

Through virtuous pride his Nation still adorns,
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F I N I S